NATIONAL REVIEW

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Hungary Pledge

Special Book Number

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SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE · MONTGOMERY M. GREEN
PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY · RALPH DE TOLEDANO

Articles and Reviews by · · · · · L. BRENT BOZELL
WILLMOORE KENDALL · FRANK S. MEYER · RUSSELL KIRK

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For the Record

A reader writes us from Chicago: "It looked for a few hours as if Hungary might liberate the United States."

Republican Senators Kuchel of California, Ives of New York and Case of New Jersey have announced their support for the Liberal Democratic drive to kill the filibuster in the Senate. . . . Steelworkers' locals in the Pittsburgh area have filed a slate of candidates to oppose President David McDonald for re-election, as a protest against the two-dollar hike in union dues voted last September. . . . An official of the Commercial Telegraphers Union told the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee the other day that Federal laws are not "strong enough to cope with the problem of Communist dominated unions."

A Federal Grand Jury has indicted a Plymouth Meeting, Pa., librarian and five other persons on charges of contempt of Congress for refusing to answer questions before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. (Shortly after tangling with the Subcommittee, the Plymouth Meeting Library was awarded a $5,000 grant by the Fund for the Republic). . . . Senator Jenner has asked the State Department to expedite the departure of Soviet UN official Konstantin Ekimov, who was ordered out of the country over a month ago.

Indian officials are worried over Red Chinese plans for Tibet. Half a million Chinese are reported to have been settled around Lhasa in the past two years, and plans call for the transfer of another five million to Tibet in the next six or seven years. . . . Indonesian Vice President Mohammed Hatta has resigned from the Jakarta Government in protest, it is said, against President Sukarno's plans to "bury" political parties.

Reactions to Hungary behind the Curtain: in Bulgaria and Albania, roundup of hundreds of suspected Titoists, including former Bulgarian Premier Muravieff; in Rumania, reinforcement of Soviet troops around the all-important Ploesti oil fields; in East Germany, new harassment of British and American trains to and from Berlin.

Communist reaction to Hungary elsewhere in Europe: Peter Fryer, Budapest correspondent of the London Daily Worker resigned in protest against the Worker's failure to print his dispatches from Budapest. He is the fourth Daily Worker writer to quit. . . . In Helsinki, the Communist-controlled World Peace Conference, in a communique signed by French atom scientist (and Communist) Frederick Joliot-Curie, admitted it was "unable to formulate a common opinion on Soviet military action in Hungary."

Tito remarked the other day that Colonel Nasser had told him back in 1954 that he intended to internationalize the Suez Canal. . . . The U. S. Point Four Program in Egypt was shut down officially last week and its 60 officials were evacuated. . . . Foreign Suez Canal pilots were told that no funds were available for their salaries.

A traveler recently arrived in Turkey from Syria reports that Soviet fighters and bombers land daily in Syria and some of the Syrian frontier posts now are manned by Soviet troops. French sources say two shiploads of Soviet arms are unloaded each week at Syria's Mediterranean port of Latakia. . . . Iraq has reinforced its guards around oil installations to protect them from sabotage such as the destruction of three pumping stations in Syria in early November.

Professor Anthony Bouscaren of Marquette charged in Omaha recently that the American Association of University Professors is "primarily if not exclusively interested in professors who invoke the Fifth Amendment or who have a background of Communist collaboration." . . . N. Y. architect Victor D. Gruen pointed out that the U. S. auto birth-rate is now greater than the human birth-rate.

Stricken from the repertoire of a chorale group in Worthing, England, the famous air from Aida, "Glory to Immortal Egypt." Explained the conductor: "The British public undoubtedly has a different opinion of Egyptian glory from Verdi."

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

EDITOR and PUBLISHER: Wm. F. Buckley, Jr.

EDITORS

James Burnham — Willmoore Kendall
Suzanne La Follette — William S. Schlamm

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

L. Brent Bozell — Priscilla L. Buckley
Frank S. Meyer — Morrie Ryskind

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, John Abbot Clark, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Max Eastman, Medford Evans, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Freda Utley, Richard M. Weaver, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

Geneva: Wilhelm Roepke
London: F. A. Voigt — *Madrid*: J. Dervin
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

BUSINESS MANAGER: Theodore A. Driscoll

Contents DECEMBER 8, 1956 VOL. II, NO. 29

THE WEEK 3

ARTICLES

Letter from Calcutta 10

DEPARTMENTS

For the Record 2
National Trends ..... L. Brent Bozell 8
From Washington Straight ..... Sam M. Jones 9
The Liberal Line ..... Willmoore Kendall 11
Principles and Heresies ..... Frank S. Meyer 12
From the Academy ..... Russell Kirk 13
To the Editor 22

BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Size of a Banana ..... William C. Bullitt 14
Wrong to Begin With ..... Willmoore Kendall 15
The Satellites ..... Eugene Lyons 16
F.D.R., R.I.P. ..... Chesly Manly 16
Those Wondrous Scrolls ..... Revilo Oliver 17
Religious Evidence ..... R. P. O. 17
Villains and Knights ..... Montgomery M. Green 18
Noble Radical ..... Russell Kirk 18
Person and Journalist ..... Richard M. Weaver 19
Roman Froth ..... Priscilla L. Buckley 19
Tall Tale and True ..... Suzanne La Follette 19
Phonograph's Career ..... Ralph de Toledano 20
The Worth of Venice ..... Robert Phelps 20
Reviewed in Brief ..... Frank S. Meyer 21

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The WEEK

● Spasmodic, but important, efforts are being made to salvage and direct into fruitful channels some of the indignation that galvanized the nation a few weeks ago when the Soviet Union marched into Hungary. Defying the prevailing mood—the relapse into torpor so exquisitely symbolized by the President's flight to Augusta to play golf—Senator Knowland has called for action at the government level, and the American Friends of the Captive Nations have supplied action at the individual level. See below, "Action At Two Levels."

● The White House is putting enormous pressure on Congress to push through federal aid for schools early in the session. (See Mr. Jones' column in this issue.) The bill was killed last year, at least in part because of the Powell Amendment, which called for withholding federal grants from states that have not integrated their schools. The government, there is reason to believe, feels confident it can take care of Congressman Powell this time, given the fact, among others, that he appears to be in serious trouble with the Justice Department. Powell aside, the Republicans feel they can add the schools to the lengthening list of wards of the federal government. A stiff fight will be made against this further encroachment upon the rights of the States and of local communities. NATIONAL REVIEW will take part in it.

● The rulers of the Soviet Union appear to have proved what the world has long suspected: that they can perpetrate no aggression so bold, or brutality so base, as to cause the United States to take a stand. But there *is* something the Administration can do. It is in a position to extend material aid to the refugee freedom fighters in Austria and still stay within the proper limits of political and military inertia. We propose the reallocation, from funds already appropriated for Foreign Aid, of enough money to care for and feed those refugees—certainly not more than five million dollars a month. In such fashion we could show the world that although we don't go in for that kind of thing ourselves, we admire the quality of heroism in others.

● Clare Boothe Luce did a pretty good job in Italy, and her parting observation to the effect that the spirit of Munich was upon us capped that career nicely. It was, indeed, worthy of a woman with her

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sense of theater. Mrs. Luce has not been taken in by the Communists for a good many years now, and we hope she will take advantage of her new-found dissociation from the Eisenhower Administration to condemn the Spirit of Geneva and all its works. The appointment of Mr. James D. Zellerbach, director of the brilliantly wrongheaded Fund for the Republic, to succeed her harmonizes with our march down the road to Munich. If Mr. Zellerbach can bring to his job in Italy the same powers of opacity that have been shown by the Fund for the Republic, Mr. Eisenhower will indubitably have got himself a good and faithful executor of his foreign policy.

● Since no State Planner can abide unregimented indolence, it was inevitable that some day the Indian government would crack down on the holy men, or sadhus, in India, who live on the charity of their neighbors. The Indian government proposes that every holy man be licensed (as holy?) by his local district magistrate. This makes us think of the late Bernarr MacFadden's proposal in 1940 that all Good Americans wear an "I am a good American" button so that the FBI could arrest any one else.

● All who love learning will join us, on Christmas Eve, in shedding a tear over the demise of a great educational institution. Never again, after December 25, will the students of the Jefferson School of Social Science join in the old Quad to sing the International; never again will the school librarian fine an electrical worker for having kept Lenin's *Imperialism* for too long off the reserve shelf; never again will the old grads come back to see how goes it with the training of the vanguard of the proletariat. The School, according to its Board's announcement, is abandoning its "uphill fight against unwarranted persecution"—that is, against the Terror.

"Put one man in jail and pretty soon we'll all be in jail. We should eliminate all jails!"

Action at Two Levels

1. By the Government

NATIONAL REVIEW endorses the proposals made last week by Senator William F. Knowland in St. Louis. Senator Knowland called for taking steps to force Soviet compliance with the resolutions of the General Assembly of the UN on Hungary. These resolutions call on Russia to withdraw its military force from Hungary, and to cooperate in obtaining the admission of UN observers into Hungary.

Pending compliance with these resolutions, Senator Knowland urged:

a) That the Soviet Union be barred from the UN.

b) That all nations apply economic sanctions against the Soviet Union and the satellites.

c) That all nations suspend diplomatic recognition of the Soviet Union and the satellites.

d) That labor and business associations in all nations refuse to handle exports or imports from the Soviet Union or the satellites.

2. By Individuals

Mr. Christopher Emmet, chairman of the American Friends of the Captive Nations, has called for an individual boycott of the Soviet Union and its adherents.

The American Friends of the Captive Nations, whose offices are at 62 West 45th St. New York 36, N. Y., is a committee composed of men and women of diverse political beliefs who join in advocating a foreign policy aimed at liberating the captive nations. Among the members of its steering committee are Leo Cherne, Max Eastman, Representative Walter H. Judd, Senator John Kennedy, Eugene Lyons, Norbert Muhlen, Reverend John Courtney Murray, Merlyn Pitzele, Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt, Richard Salzmann, Sol Stein, and Ralph de Toledano.

Mr. Emmet writes:

> We are making identical appeals to the other weekly and fortnightly journals of opinion. We will be grateful if NATIONAL REVIEW will publish this in its next issue and we would be all the more grateful if you care to give your editorial endorsement. We believe that it is essential to crystallize the profound and passionate sympathy of the American people for the Hungarian people by some action which individuals can take to show that they are with the Hungarians in spirit.

So do we . . .

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The Hungary Pledge

The Soviet regime having by the Hungarian massacre demonstrated once again its isolation from the moral community, I pledge that until all Soviet troops and police are withdrawn from Hungary, I will enter into no economic, social, political or cultural relations with that regime, or any of its domestic adherents or institutions, or with any Soviet citizens abroad (since these must act whether voluntarily or not as representatives of the regime), or with any persons or institutions freely condoning the Hungarian massacre, except for the sole purpose of persuading such individuals to defect.

(Signed) _____

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW understand the Hungary Pledge to affirm, in effect, a total quarantine, or—in the broadest sense—a cultural boycott, of the Soviet Union, to be maintained at least until all Soviet forces are withdrawn from Hungary. They do not understand it to precommit them in any way to a softened view of Soviet Communism even should the troops be withdrawn from Hungary.

Specifically, though not exclusively, we interpret the Pledge to mean, in the terms relevant to the vocation of each person who accepts it, a resolution: to buy no Soviet products; to sell no product or service directly or indirectly to any Soviet principal (including Soviet legations, consulates, and other agencies abroad); not to load or unload from ships, planes, trains, or trucks goods from or directed to Soviet sources; not to attend any reception, party, dinner, or other gathering at which individuals subject to the quarantine are present, and to leave any gathering if such individuals appear; not to purchase any phonograph record of Soviet manufacture, and not to manufacture or purchase any record featuring music by any Soviet musician; not to produce, show, or attend any concert, theater, movie, ballet, or other such performance on the program of which any Soviet artist figures; not to appear on any platform, radio or TV show with any Soviet citizen or any Communist; not to publish, distribute, sell, or purchase (except for necessary scholarly or intelligence purposes) Soviet or Communist books or articles; not to engage in any sport or athletic competition with Soviet athletes, or any other competition such as chess; to boycott completely any and all Soviet "visitors," "exchange delegations," etc., in every field—whether agronomists, teachers, architects, scientists, or whatever.

The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW have individually subscribed to the Hungary Pledge. We commend it to our readers.

(If you desire to subscribe formally to the Hungary Pledge, please sign below the text above, cut it out, and mail it to us, or directly to the American Friends of the Captive Nations, 62 W. 45th St., New York 36, N. Y. Or write or type a facsimile of the pledge; or send in to the American Friends for a copy of it.)

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Abstractions Kill the West

On November 24 the General Assembly of the United Nations voted 63 to 5, with 10 abstentions, to condemn Britain, France and Israel for failing to withdraw from Egyptian territory, and to demand their complete withdrawal "forthwith." On the alphabetical listing of the majority, the name of the United States follows, by a symbolic fate, directly after that of the U.S.S.R. (Australia and New Zealand joined the three culprits in the negative. Belgium, Canada, free China, the Dominican Republic, Italy, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, Portugal and South Africa abstained.)

Through this vote—cast on the direct instructions of the President, after a dispute in our delegation—the Eisenhower Administration carried one stage further the logic of its foreign policy assumptions. This vote sacrificed to the abstractions of liberal-humanitarian ideology our allies, our strategic interests, and the inner imperatives of our civilization.

"International law" and "the Charter" have been violated by "the crime of aggression." The "United Nations," acting through the "democratic" Assembly where each "sovereign nation" has one vote "like every other," concluded that "the conscience of mankind" must express itself by "condemning and punishing the aggressors" and repairing the damage done by "the crime." How easy and pure it all is at this vacuous level of globalist abstraction!

But what is this "law" that is interpreted by a panel where the most infamously criminal nation in history sits in a dominant chair? On what and for what is this motley crew of nations *united*? And what indeed are these equal and sovereign "nations"? Is the primitive, nomadic Sheikdom of Yemen properly equated with France? The mountain tribes of Afghanistan and the formless chaos called "Indonesia" with Italy and Spain? Are the servile puppets of Moscow who vote under the names of Albania, Byelorussia, the Ukraine, Rumania, and the rest, to be accepted as the representatives of *nations*?

What "aggression" and what "aggressor" are of concern to the legalists of the UN? Are its condemnations and its sanctions restricted to the nations of Christian Europe that move awkwardly and desperately to counter a threat to their bare survival, while the UN's approval, support and aid are bestowed on a Mid-eastern fanatic who is an open violator of contracts and treaties, a willing tool of Communist imperialism and himself publicly dedicated to imperial aggression?

But the full meaning of the Administration's catastrophic Suez policy cannot be understood apart from its simultaneous position toward the Hungarian massacre. The Administration has not so much as *proposed* a UN "police force" for Hungary; nor has it even insisted on the entry of UN "observers." Nor, outside the UN, has Washington applied the slightest material pressure against Moscow—though it has not hesitated to turn a heavy weight of financial, political and economic sanctions and threats against Britain and France.

The pale abstractions fade rapidly into the mists of history, while the historical meaning of the U.S.

vote on the "Afro-Asian resolution" emerges: *Over the humiliated forms of our two oldest and closest allies, we clasp the hands of the murderers of the Christian heroes of Hungary,* as we run in shameless —and vain—pursuit of the "good will" of Asia and Africa's teeming pagan multitudes.

Has no one in our government grasped the strategy —not hidden but broadcast to the world—whereby the Bolsheviks have planned to destroy the West by releasing the tidal Afro-Asian flood until, with Western civilization engulfed, the Bolsheviks will themselves be left as the sole organizing force to take command of the world ruins?

In and outside the government there are parlor Machiavellis who go beyond the UN platitudes and abstractions. Britain and France, they say, have been stones around our neck. Good riddance if we cast them off, even if they smash to pieces as they fall.

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What if they are run out of the Middle East? We can take over the oil fields *and* the political dominance. Throughout Africa and Asia we can come to our own good terms, free from Europe's imperialist past, with the rising new nations.

This reasoning is the voice of the Tempter. Britain and France are not stones that can be freely cast, but flesh that can only be torn out of the living body of which we also are an organic part. In denying them—as in every ultimate betrayal—it is ourselves that we deny: at dawn the cock will crow.

Can one be so jejune as to imagine that the Arab potentates, fanatically devoted to a religion teaching that "an oath to an infidel does not bind," and flushed with triumph over Britain and France, will be permanently submissive to American engagements? Can we suppose that the alien cultures of Asia will prove allies more dependable than the Christian nations of Europe?

We shall not defend either our civilization or ourselves by joining forces, as through our political course we are now doing, with our self-chosen and sworn assassin.

Communists Are Liars

Not everyone can understand "dialectical materialism" or grasp the subtle involutions of Moscow's "General line." But one fact about the Communists, sufficient in itself to guide national behavior, is clear enough for any but a State Department mind. To wit: Communists are liars. Nothing fancy, complicated, or indirect. Just plain liars.

It is doubtful, however, that even the Communists have ever before put on so public and unveiled a show of lying as during this past month.

After the first phase of the Hungarian revolt they announced publicly that the Soviet troops were leaving Hungary—at the exact moment when seven new Soviet divisions were moving in. They stated that there were no Soviet military personnel in Egypt on the day that Soviet soldiers drove tanks against the British. Through Shepilov at the UN Assembly they swore that there were no deportations from Hungary at the moment when train loads of deportees were rolling eastward. They pledged safe conduct—in writing—to Imre Nagy, and kidnapped him the moment he left the sanctuary of the Yugoslav legation in shattered Budapest.

In the next week or two we shall publish excerpts from Professor Gerhart Niemeyer's *An Inquiry Into the Soviet Mentality,* a book that, had it been written years ago, could have saved us many a surprise; a book that, if it were read now, and understood, could save us most of the surprises the future has for us.

Count Us Out

We can understand that the burden of his duties is such that a President cannot know what he is saying half the time, whom or what he is congratulating, or why. But a President should exercise a rudimentary vigilance, enough to keep his aides from saying, in his behalf, the kind of thing said last week, over the President's name, about the Anti-Defamation League. The occasion was the ADL's 43rd annual convention. The White House came through with an extended panegyric in which, among other things, Mr. Eisenhower complimented the ADL for "reminding the nation that the ideals of religion must apply in all areas of life."

The Anti-Defamation League was founded by B'nai B'rith, a Jewish social organization, for a most commendable purpose: to expose blind religious and racial intolerance wherever it crops up. But over the years, the ADL grew—grew and grew, in this, that, and every direction. Today it is no more devoted to fostering religion than the American Tariff League. It is, rather, a bureaucratic behemoth that pokes its nose into everything from progressive education to the Bricker Amendment, with positively the last word to say about all.

Its fanatical interpretation of the First Amendment's reference to religion has lined it up on the side of the bitter-end secularists who oppose not only religious training in the schools, but the mere affirmation, by schools, of nondenominational spiritual objectives. Its methods have sometimes bordered on the terroristic as it closes in, as it did early this year in the book *Cross Currents,* on virtually anybody who disagrees with its variegated social program. For its arrogance and pretentiousness it is despised by many Jews, some of whom—Arthur Garfield Hays, for example—consider it responsible for having created more intolerance, more misunderstanding, than ever it dissipated.

The Anti-Defamation League is not often challenged, for it wields a terrible weapon: it can rush forward to brand as anti-Semitic the man who dares to cross it. Probably the President, like so many others, has been taken in by the ADL and assumes it is simply a humanitarian organization devoted to fostering an understanding between men of diverse race, color and creed. But conceivably, like many others, he has been cajoled by the ADL. If that is the case, one would think that, having been elected to a second term, and having been prohibited by Constitutional Amendment from trying for a third, the President of the United States would have the courage to proclaim that it is possible simultaneously to a) deplore racial intolerance, and b) deplore the Anti-Defamation League.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

The Democratic Dilemma

Let's agree that Senator Hubert Humphrey really believes in the ultra-Liberal legislative program he has proposed, and that Senator Lyndon Johnson is honestly convinced that the civil rights part of that program is unsound. Let's agree to that right off; and then let's get down to the business of what is at stake in Democratic Party politics.

We have here, at one level, a struggle for personal power within the Democratic Party. Both men, Humphrey and Johnson, want to be the Democratic Presidential candidate in 1960, and both are poised to assert leadership of party factions that will be at each other, off and on, during the next four years—and that may well produce the two principal contenders in the race for the nomination.

At another level, we shall be witnessing a struggle for supremacy between two schools of current Democratic thought on the subject; but also a point of serious disagreement which devolves on the old question: Are the fortunes of the Democratic Party better advanced by trying to accommodate the South, or by letting the South go hang?

Senator Humphrey's demand for Democratic-sponsored legislation on such matters as civil rights, increased social security benefits, vastly increased federal aid to education, slum clearance and the like—and most particularly his taking command of a new Liberal drive to repeal the two-thirds cloture rule—is attributable to certain lessons he and his faction have learned from the 1956 campaign.

On the personal side, Humphrey has discovered that the middle-of-the-Democratic-road is not a particularly good place to do business at if one is looking for favors from the Liberal-Big Labor machines of the North. During the past four years, on the Senate floor, Humphrey gave "moderation" a try in order, *inter alia,* to make possible an alliance between himself and Adlai Stevenson; he hoped to cash in his backing of Stevenson for the second place on the ticket. Stevenson did all right in Chicago. But in the Vice Presidential sweepstakes, Humphrey was left at the post—wanted by neither Left nor Right, and by very few In-Betweens. Which has taught the Senator that a man of his long-standing ideological commitments can look for support only to his own kind, and then only if he keeps the faith.

As regards the lessons his faction has learned, Humphrey is evidently persuaded, and rightly so, that Liberal and Big Labor organization leaders are no longer prepared to appease the South and border state conservatives. Eisenhower's victory (or at least the extent of it), these organization leaders say, is attributable to the loss of the Negro and Liberal vote in the big cities. And this vote, they say further, was lost for two reasons (foreign policy matters aside): 1) Stevenson's fence-straddling on segregation, and 2) his failure to sell the need for increased state-welfarism—a failure that can be traced to the failure of Democrats in Congress over the past four years to bear down hard on the inadequacies of the Eisenhower welfare program. Northern organization leaders wrap up their case by citing Stevenson's failure to win even the prize for which most of his campaign sacrifices were presumably made: the old Confederacy gave more electoral votes to the GOP than to the Democrats.

Hence the decision to go all out, starting with the 1957 congressional session, for the Northern Liberal vote. Hence also the decision by a man who has rediscovered that his future lies with the Liberal *avant garde* to take the lead in proposing legislation that, if enacted, might make further coexistence with the South impossible.

The moderate Democrats in Congress, for whom Senator Johnson speaks, tend to attribute the President's gains in the northern cities to his personal popularity. So that they look for a moderately Liberal Democratic candidate in 1960 to recapture as a matter of course much of the traditionally Democratic ground that Stevenson lost. As for the South and the border states, they regard deliberate abandonment of an area that has built-in Democratic advantages and that commands roughly 30 per cent of the nation's electoral strength as sheer madness. . . . So the South occasionally breaks away from the party's Presidential candidate, so the GOP is showing some organizational strength in Virginia and Florida, as well as in the border states: so it's not a bad idea, the moderate Democrats say, to remember that the Democratic state organizations in the South are still titans by comparison with their GOP counterparts, and will usually deliver the vote if not unduly provoked by actions at the national level.

On the other hand, even moderate Democrats, like Lyndon Johnson, realize that their party is well advised, where possible (*i.e.,* on the non-racial issues), to keep a pace ahead of Eisenhower Liberalism. Many Liberal-oriented voters have gone for a Republican Presidential candidate twice in a row now, and that can become a habit like the pro-Democratic habit that developed during the Roosevelt era. Consequently, Senator Johnson and the moderate faction appreciate the need to construct an identifiably *Democratic* welfare program, and one that is manifestly more munificent than that offered by the New Republicanism.

Both factions, then, tend to see eye to eye on the desirability of new welfare measures; and both, as a means of achieving ultimate party control, would like to assume leadership in promoting such measures. The battle over cloture, if it materializes, could have significant bearing on which faction secures that leadership. For while there is not much doubt that the moderates will have the votes to win the battle, much importance is attached to how the battle will be fought. Senators Johnson and Humphrey are both well aware that a prolonged and gory cloture fight could effectively tarnish the moderates' claim to Liberalism, and could leave the Humphrey forces as the only bona fide Liberal element in the party.

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from WASHINGTON *straight*

A NEWSLETTER

SAM M. JONES

Bi-Partisanship

A few NATIONAL REVIEW subscribers have written to me objecting to my use of the word "mandate" in connection with the Eisenhower landslide. I am in agreement with the point of view that a considerable number of Americans, both Republican and Democratic, were opposed to a mandate for the President and the implied approval of the record of his Administration that goes with it.

Nevertheless a majority of ten million votes evokes its own interpretation not only from the man who rolled up the majority, but also from those around him, and, to a considerable extent, from members of Congress, be they Republican or Democratic.

There is no guarantee on the durability of the "mandate" but, in the first session of the new Congress, the President will as a rule have bi-partisan support for his legislative proposals. This will not be due entirely to his tremendous popular vote. There is also the prestige factor which enables the Liberal Democrats to pro-

mote their own projects in the benign shadow of an immensely influential President.

Thus, a counter-coalition is in the making—a tentative alliance between New Deal Democrats and Eisenhower Republicans, with room for opportunists of both parties. The President's program will undoubtedly call for federal aid to education on a grandiose scale. This will have the enthusiastic support of enough Republican and Democratic Liberals to ease it through Congress, unless—and this is most unlikely—the people besiege their legislators with an overwhelming barrage of opposing letters, telegrams and phone calls.

Senator-elect Lausche summarized the objections in a few words: "Federal aid is invariably followed by federal control." But there is little cause to believe that this axiom will prevail against the combined propaganda of the bi-partisan Liberals, the ADA and the organized educators.

Other forthcoming Administration measures, sure of bi-partisan support, include extension of the Social Security system; amendment of the Taft-Hartley Act; increased federal medical assistance; a bigger defense budget; and civil rights legislation which would establish an enforcement division in the Department of Justice and create a bi-partisan commission to investigate complaints. Approval of the latter measure is in doubt, especially if Senator Humphrey *et al* are unable to win the opening battle against filibustering.

But the over-all trend is toward more and bigger government, toward increased federal assistance and supervision. A big foreign aid program will take a lot of wangling, but Administration lobbyists believe they can do it again—with the usual Democratic assistance. Mr. Eisenhower will do his best to get his legislative program approved by Congress before the 1958 congressional elections: the prospects for bi-partisan cooperation may never be so good again.

It would be negligent to omit two other items on the Potomac front.

1. National Chairman Butler announced last week after a two-day meeting of Democratic leaders that an advisory committee would be appointed soon to formulate party policy and shape a Liberal legislative program. Mr. Butler indicated that Adlai Stevenson, Estes Kefauver, Harry Truman and Eleanor Roosevelt would be among the members.

2. The ebullient Senator Humphrey is still happily plugging for the Dem-

ocratic "Victory" Ball, to be held concurrently with the ceremonies attending Mr. Eisenhower's inauguration.

Many of the Senator's colleagues take an extremely dim view of the proposal, pointing out that, while the Democrats increased their House majority and held the Senate by the slightest of margins, they lost the Presidency by more than ten million votes and carried only seven out of 48 states. They also mention a deficit of more than eight million dollars and recall the fact that the titular leaders of the party could not even carry their two home states. And, not to stress the obvious but to round out the picture, they remind Mr. Humphrey that there is bitter factionalism in the party to which he, Humphrey, is a consistent contributor.

"But," says the gentleman from Minnesota, "think of the publicity!"

For whom?

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Letter from Calcutta

SITA RAM GOEL

The Indians Feel Cheated

The other day a Communist Peace Conference in Calcutta passed a resolution congratulating President Eisenhower as "a man of peace." Prime Minister Nehru had himself paid a similar compliment to the President from the floor of the Indian Parliament. It was a surprising statement because, when Eisenhower took office in 1953, Nehru had publicly expressed concern about the "military mind taking control of the world's chancelleries." The subsequent campaign against the U.S. in which Nehru joined the Communists was aimed at frustrating the "military mind" in Asia through a series of military pacts.

Our intelligentsia, who control India's newspapers and set the fashion in political opinions of the day, now seem to be in a mood to revise their settled hostility against the "warmongering U.S." And there is little doubt that the U.S. State Department experts will, in due course, take stock of these new trends and commend them as a new chapter in the American bid for "winning the peace."

The People's Opinion

There is, however, an underworld of public opinion in India which the State Department experts will never know. For this opinion never finds its way into our newspapers, nor is it ever expressed loudly by our intelligentsia who have acquired a habit of deciding among themselves, *a priori*, what "the people" think about any public issue at any particular moment. Only persons with horribly bad taste can challenge the intelligentsia to test their *ex cathedra* pronouncements against the opinions of real people.

I have that horribly bad taste. I have listened to people in tea stalls, and barber shops, and around hawkers' corners. They talk in quite an uninhibited manner. One may be revolted by their gross ignorance of international law and national diplomacy or by their cynical indifference toward political mores and ethical standards. But no one who wants to know the people's opinion should be touchy.

Two days after the Anglo-French action in Egypt, and the reported withdrawal of Soviet troops from Hungary, I strolled into the barber shop nearest to my house. The shop was crowded and I was assured of at least an hour in the waiting line. My eyes wandered through the pages of every available magazine, but my ears were cocked to a bit of political gossip.

Someone observed: "This fellow Nasser has turned out to be another Kasim Razvi." (Kasim Razvi, the leader of Razakars in Hyderabad

The Prime Minister evokes ambivalent emotions

State, had threatened to unfurl the Nizam's flag on the Red Fort at Delhi before the Indian army took action in the summer of 1948 and overthrew him in a matter of hours.) "Kasim Razvi had depended," the commentator was saying, "on Pakistan armies which never lifted a finger. Nasser thought Russia would come to his help in case of Britain making a move towards Egypt."

Very soon, everyone except myself had joined the debate. Everyone seemed to agree: Russia was a big bluff, as had been proved by her abject flight before a handful of Hungarians and her desertion of Nasser after leading the Egyptian dictator to a precipice.

The debate would have died down but for someone's remark that Nehru was a fool to antagonize the Western powers in his bid for friendship with Russia. Pandemonium was touched off. The new controversy was only natural, because our Prime Minister always evokes ambivalent emotions.

America Let Them Down

Hitherto, Russia had been the almighty power in the Indian popular image. America had money, colossal amounts of it, but America was a nation of "cowardly traders" who could not fight. They had been thrown out of China, Korea and Indo-China, and were in the process of being wrenched out of their positions in the rest of the world. This was India's conventional tune on America. But now, all of a sudden, I discovered a new tone: That pinhead of a nation, Hungary, had punctured the balloon of Russia's invincible might; and Russia's ally, Nasser, had been beaten up by mere satellites of America—so maybe America *was* the power to be counted with after all!

The new tone had hardly crystallized when the Soviet Union threatened to intervene militarily in the Middle East. And the Soviet tanks had moved back into Hungary. And suddenly Indian popular opinion turned a full 180 degrees.

Again Russia controlled the field. The British and the French had collapsed in a matter of hours. America had allowed the Hungarian people to be slaughtered. The Hungarians were fools not to have known who was who. Nasser had chosen his ally with great wisdom. The Soviet Union had proved that she could be relied upon as a friend.

The people of India feel cheated. America has cheated them of the fun. Yes, fun. The Indian people expected America to enter the football match in the Middle East. By denying them the opportunity to watch the two teams entangled in combat America has let them down.

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The Liberal Line...

WILLMOORE KENDALL

All Things to All Men

The meaning of an American national election—to paraphrase a famous remark about the lesson taught by History—is that it has no meaning. That is, no meaning of the specific, policy-determining sort that our intellectuals yearn for as they put forward proposals for the reform of our parties, and are forever trying to read into the most recent balloting.

The reason our elections have no specific meaning is not, any longer, that the Framers of our Constitution intended it so. The Framers did intend it so, and to that end devised a non-plebiscitary political system that, as a matter of course, would yield no mandates. But the political system they devised disappeared, almost overnight, in favor of a system that is based on political parties, that has the look, therefore, of a plebiscitary system, but has remained non-plebiscitary because of the kind of political parties that the American people have chosen, and still choose, to divide off into.

The present system, unlike the Framers', was devised by no one in particular; no man has ever written the book that describes it to the complete satisfaction of any other man; but the American people, whose inarticulate political genius it expresses, seem to understand it in their bones, know how to work it, and stubbornly resist all pleas by reformers to change it into a plebiscitary system.

How? By continuing to organize themselves into two and only two parties, and seeing to it, by the way they distribute themselves between the two, that they are always more *like* one another than *unlike* one another, and that, in any case, their differences are not sharp differences over policy. After the votes are counted in an election, therefore, it is always a nice question whether the winning party won because or in spite of its differences from the other party, and whether, if because and not in spite of, it won because of this difference or that difference.

A nice question, I say, but also an unanswerable one. For all the election actually decides is what persons are to occupy two national jobs and four hundred odd state and local jobs whose incumbents do their business in Washington but are by no means necessarily elected with an eye to national issues. Thus there is no national mandate, and those who seek to tease a mandate out of the returns are —pending some revolutionary development—wasting their time.

Nevertheless, mandate-hunting following elections has become a major national sport—the more popular, one suspects, because there being no mandate everyone is free to see in the returns the mandate he in particular wants. And this year, with one party having won the Presidency and the other control of both houses of the legislature—with, that is to say, the absence of a mandate more obvious than ever—it has assumed the proportions of a public nuisance. Mr. Eisenhower points to the popular vote for President, and sees a mandate for the New Republicanism. The Liberal weeklies, by contrast, are pointing to the returns for House and Senate and are beaver-busy discovering a mandate for the program of the Left wing of the Democratic Party.

Take the *Nation*, for example. The President, it concedes, scored a "stunning victory." The election, however, was "conducted in an atmosphere of rising international tension" where no man, "regardless of what type of campaign he conducted," could have won for the Democrats. On the strictly national level, that is to say, the people were not deciding between "types of campaign"—and, by clear implication, the more attention we pay to the type of campaign the winners waged, the less we understand the election. The Republicans won because their candidate was "spectacularly popular," and Mr. Stevenson, by failing to conduct the kind of campaign he would have preferred, helped them win.

"Mr. Stevenson seemed intent on deliberately, almost perversely, appearing less intelligent than he is. The failure to meet the civil-rights issue head-on, the effort to capitalize on the discontent among farmers and small business men, . . . while at the same time offering them only a shopworn program and slogans, reflected a Stevenson determined to buy votes. . . . Many voters cast their ballots for him on the assumption, formed four years earlier, that he is a lot better than he chose to appear." Presumably, then, Mr. Stevenson would have polled more votes had he worked for the Left fringe of the Liberal line; and presumably this is true because what the American people want—aside, of course, from a "popular" President—is a program based on Liberal idealism. And the real mandate, again by clear implication, is for such a program—which is what the Liberal weeklies will be saying through the next two years.

What the *Nation* sees in the election returns is, then, above all the "resurgent strength of Liberalism within the Democratic Party." "Liberal Democrats won . . . in enough contests to assure their party's control of both chambers of the legislature." *Their* party's control, mind you, so that *they* won, and the election ends up having just the meaning the *Nation* would like it to have.

Happily, of course, that meaning will be lost on Senator Byrd, and Senator Eastland, and, most particularly, perhaps, on Senator Talmadge, who no doubt think *their* party won control of Congress, and will in due course be saying so.

The real, non-specific meaning of the election? For one thing, that there's no mystery about the Republicans' having won the White House and the Democrats the Congress; the American people voted for the political status quo of the previous two years, which they could have perpetuated in no other way. Its more remote meaning? The place to go for the answer is to Cervantes' painter, who when asked what he was painting replied: "Whatever it turns out to be."

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Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

An American Tragedy

What I have found most depressing during the past few weeks is neither the situation in Hungary nor that in the Middle East, but the American reaction to both. The Hungarian tragedy was relieved by a display of heroism such as the twentieth century has rarely seen; in the Middle East, England and France showed, at least for a moment, that determination and the will to fight have not completely died out in the West. But American opinion, American policy, and American action have presented an almost unrelieved panorama of dimmed understanding, febrilely feeble will, and fundamental lack of courage. To the cosmic eye the posturings of a Dulles, an Eisenhower, a Stevenson, during these weeks, must have seemed ludicrous to the point of bathos. But to the American patriot, bound up in the fate of his country (a country, moreover, which is the last bulwark of Western civilization), it is not bathos, but tragedy.

The locus of that tragedy is not so much present policy itself as the causes of its coming about, causes that —should they continue to operate without effective opposition—are leading inexorably to final disaster. Central among these causes is a disposition, so settled as to approach delusionary psychosis, to deny the continuing and steadfast reality of Communism, in favor of soothing hypotheses derived from flitting changes in the visage of the bear.

It is one of the difficulties of the pragmatically trained (and that includes a very large percentage of those who form opinion and policy today) that they are constantly searching for meaning in "the facts" as they present themselves from moment to moment. The multitudinous facts which in any developing historical situation crowd upon the vision have themselves no meaning to yield up except as they are seen in the context of the underlying forces that produce them. Upon the surface of a tidal wave, transitory currents of air and water create patterns often totally irrelevant to the distant causes or the eventual consequences of the moving mass itself.

So, in these weeks, from President to publicist, those who make or influence American policy have, in their enormous majority, steadfastly turned their eyes away from the solid evidence of the fundamental nature of Communism to take hope and heart from passing surface developments. Undoubtedly there is a factional struggle in the Soviet empire. Undoubtedly in Hungary, as a result of that factional struggle, forces were released which went beyond the limits of the factional struggle and created conditions favorable to us, *had we struck and struck hard.* Undoubtedly in the Middle East, the Soviet Union lost several hundred million dollars worth of military equipment and was placed in a situation where that key strategic area was on the verge of being repossessed for the West. The enemy, in short, was in a temporarily weakened condition, his tactical counsels divided and his forces facing the need of regrouping.

If a military commander, seeing hostile armies in such a condition, decided that it was a sign that the opposition high command was no longer sure that it really wanted to fight him; if he offered food and aid to contingents of the enemy who differed with that high command only on the mode of effecting the destruction of our forces; if he stood by and watched the slaughter of a mutinous enemy division in the center; if, against powerful forces of his allies, striking at the enemy's flank, he exerted all possible pressure, to bring about their withdrawal if not their defeat; if, to the gathering forces of other potential allies, he recommended disarmament; if, then, to prove his virtue, he pleaded that, had he struck, very great slaughter might have ensued, and, anyway, he had been very kind to a few thousand escaping mutineers from the enemy camp—what would his fate have been?

Yet, without unduly straining the simile, these would seem to be the arguments of the intellectual Establishment that guides our policies and the rationale of the actions of those concerned with the execution of our policies. We assume that tactical differences in the Kremlin high command prove that Communism is no longer Communism, that it no longer wills our destruction. And, in the aftermath, as the box cars roll east from Hungary and the pressure upon the British and French to give back Egypt to the Soviets mounts to almost irresistible proportions, we "analyze" and congratulate ourselves on the difficulties the enemy is having. In the working out of a successful Communist policy toward the satellites between the carrot of Gomulka and the club of Budapest, in the Soviet use of American power to drive England and France from the Middle East, we see—the imminent collapse of the Soviet system.

That what we are observing is not the collapse of that system, but the process in which it is solving new problems, is a concept apparently unavailable to the mind that concentrates its attention upon transitory phenomena and attempts to extract meaning from them. Such a method fails perforce to reckon with the underlying evidence of history, that Bolshevism does not become weaker when it moves to solve difficulties by sharp changes of its tactics and strategy. Bolshevism has always been in difficulties—at the time of Kronstadt, of the famines, of the factional struggles, of collectivization, of the German invasion, and again now. But it has always come out of each set of difficulties stronger than before, *because the external world has never taken advantage of those difficulties to strike at it when it was absorbed in solving those difficulties.*

Until we learn to look at the nature of Bolshevism, not its changing manifestations, until we learn that those manifestations are but differing expressions of the same firm, unyielding essence, until we learn that its nature is such that either it or we must die, it will go on overcoming each successive crisis, emerging from each one stronger than before.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Clutch of Ideology

Napoleon choose the words "ideologue" and "ideology" to describe political fanaticism and irresponsible political fantasy. He had in mind the sort of visionary, subject to the Demon of the Absolute, whom Burke had called the "abstract metaphysician" in politics. Old John Adams said of ideology, "Our English words, Idiocy or Idiotism, express not the meaning or force of it. It is presumed its proper definition is the science of Idiocy. . . . It is the bathos, the theory, the art, the skill of diving and sinking in government." Ideology, in short, is the negation of political philosophy. It is the abandonment of right reason in society for an unthinking espousal of political fantasies. The ideologue believes that his pet ideology will bring us to the Terrestial Paradise.

Now Karl Marx took up this word "ideology" and twisted it to mean, in essence, any set of political concepts and phrases used to promote the interests of a particular class. In Marx's opinion, economic forces were all; ideas arose simply as an apology of economic interests; and "capitalistic" or "communistic" ideology was simply a gloss upon ambition, a rationalization of a man's or a group's struggle for economic advantage.

In the twentieth century, Karl Mannheim gave the word "ideology" a fresh popularity among sociologists —helping to produce, often, a confused identification of "ideology" with "political principle." Popular journalists, and a good many political scientists, now loosely and erroneously employ this word to mean any sort of political conviction, sound or unsound; there is muddled talk of "the need for a democratic ideology," or "exporting American ideology." But "ideology" implies error and fanaticism. As Professor H. Stuart Hughes very truly writes, "Conservatism is the negation of ideology." Conservatism does not exclude principles derived from right reason; but it does exclude Utopian fanaticism. Some very valuable work has been done by Professor Eric Voegelin, as historian and philosopher, in freeing us from scholarly ideology and restoring us to scholarly reason. The sounder scholars are now moving prudently away from ideological obsessions, in many humane and scientific disciplines; and Dr. Voegelin writes in the introduction to his new book, *Israel and Revelation*[1], "Ideology is existence in rebellion against God and man. It is the violation of the First and Tenth Commandments, if we want to use the language of Israelite order; it is the *nosos*, the disease of the spirit, if we want to use the language of Aeschylus and Plato. Philosophy is the love of being through love of divine Being as the source of its order." Ideological mortgages on the work of science are disappearing, he says: "We have gained a new freedom in science, and it is a joy to use it."

But this "disappearance" of ideology, as Mr. Voegelin goes on to point out, does not mean that there are no ideologues left among us. The terrible events of our time have broken down the assumptions of the principal ideologies that have plagued us these past two centuries and more; "their authority has seeped out of them." The stronger and more inquiring minds, in short, are now emancipated from ideology. But profound intellectual changes are communicated only slowly to the mass of men, and even to the mass of professors of arts and sciences. So the ideologue still struts and shouts in our universities, even though the ground is heaving under his feet.

How dismayingly strong the clutch of ideology has been—and still remains—in American universities and colleges is suggested in a new book by Dr. Felix Wittmer, *Conquest of the American Mind: Comments on Collectivism in Education*[2]. Dr. Wittmer's thirty-two articles included in this volume were published, during the past six years, in a number of magazines. A European by birth, he fought against the Fascist and Communist ideologies during the thirties; but, having taken refuge in America, he found himself in a forlorn non-ideological minority at American colleges. In the United States, for the past several decades, the dominant ideology has taken the name of "liberalism"—though, as Mr. Colin Clark points out, this "liberalism" bore small resemblance to the English liberalism it professed to emulate; and though it sometimes had one meaning for the neophyte and a very different and more sinister meaning for the hardened initiate.

Dr. Wittmer's comments on the power of Marxist or quasi-Marxist ideology in our midst range over its influence upon "progressive" education, the Left-packed lecture platforms, several influential national civic organizations, high school and college textbooks, library journals and guides, best-seller lists, and encyclopedias. If Dr. Wittmer sometimes is an angry man in these essays, he has reason to be. No doubt the book will be denounced in many quarters as "McCarthyism." But Dr. Wittmer may be fortified by an observation from a scholar of political views very different from his own—Mr. Paul R. Hays, professor of law at Columbia University and vice-chairman of New York's Liberal Party, writing in *Commentary* last June. Professor Hays declares that gentlemen like Mr. Robert M. Hutchins and Professor Robert M. MacIver "have been stampeded by the cries of 'McCarthyism' into . . . grotesque misrepresentations of the contemporary status of academic freedom." (Or, rather, so far as Mr. Hutchins is concerned, Mr. Hays suggests that Mr. Hutchins has *done* the stampeding.)

Yes, Mr. Wittmer is an earnest and sometimes a passionate man; but he never is an ideologue. He knows that political wisdom comes from right reason, the study of history, and the practice of prudence; while ideology is the product of *a priori* theories compounded to excuse the envies, resentments, and unhallowed ambitions of rebels against God and man.

[1]Mr. Kendall will review this book in an early issue.—Ed.

[2]See Dr. E. Merrill Root's review, Oct. 20.—Ed.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

The Size of a Banana

WILLIAM C. BULLITT

Mr. Kennan has labored industriously and has made his book a museum of detail (*Russia Leaves the War: Soviet-American Relations, 1917-1920,* by George F. Kennan, Princeton University Press, $7.50). In consequence, he has produced a work of reference which will be useful to specialists—provided they preserve some skepticism with regard to Mr. Kennan's judgment of men and their statements and writings.

For example: On various points Mr. Kennan accepts the testimony of Edgar Sisson, chief propagandist of the United States in Russia. But to Sisson a fact was merely something he thought it was in the interest of Sisson to have people believe at the moment. He was a skinny little man with permanent acid indigestion. His thin nose, pinched by eyeglasses that left deep red marks, and his eyes which almost met in the bridge of his nose, and his bitter and predatory glance, gave him the aspect of a hungry white rat. His appearance accurately revealed his character.

Before the end of January 1918, Sisson's indigestion had tortured him into a wish to get out of Russia at any price. But the dominant passion of his life was to promote Sisson and he could not bear to go home labeled a failure. He had been offered a chance to buy forged documents which purported to prove that the Bolshevik leaders were receiving and obeying orders from the German General Staff. He saw a chance to return to the United States in glory as the discoverer of "the great truth" that Lenin was an agent of the German Government. He leaped at the chance. It is difficult for anyone who knew Sisson to have confidence in any statement by him. His principle was to record, not what had happened, but what he wanted to have had happen.

Mr. Kennan quotes Sisson, and comments: "Life would have been more peaceful for the other Americans in Petrograd had he never appeared. On the other hand, the activities of that remote little American colony would have lacked an observant and indefatigable chronicler, and our knowledge of its experiences would be by far the poorer." Yet Mr. Kennan finally writes of the "Sisson Papers": "With the possible exception of a few relatively unimportant items, these documents were unquestionably forgeries from beginning to end." Why Mr. Kennan chooses to take seriously Mr. Sisson's views and statements on other subjects than the "Sisson Papers" is unclear.

Another example. Mr. Kennan treats with respect Alexander Gumberg, interpreter for Raymond Robins, who, as head of our Red Cross Mission in Petrograd, was playing a more important role than the American Ambassador. Robins had blind confidence in Gumberg, a hard-boiled Russian Jew who had emigrated to New York and then, after the overthrow of the Czar, had returned on a Russian passport to Petrograd where his brother, Zorin, was one of the most influential of the young Bolshevik leaders. Everyone I knew at that time, except Robins, considered Gumberg a Communist agent who was doing his best to manage Robins in accordance with the orders of Lenin and Trotsky.

Of this man, Kennan writes: "Gumberg, one feels, stood squarely between the two worlds in which his life revolved. He bestowed on both, with no apparent partiality, his ready understanding, his skepticism, and, in a way, his affection. With sardonic amusement he viewed their jarring impact on each other, and enjoyed attempting to soften the impact where he could." This is not history but sentimental nonsense. To believe anything that Gumberg said or wrote—without reliable supporting testimony—is to be naive.

Another example. Under the heading, "The Major Statesmen," Mr. Kennan writes: "The major statesmen involved in the initial stages of Soviet-American relations—Wilson and Lansing on the American side, Lenin and Trotsky on the Russian—need no general introduction to the reading public." This statement is misleading. Lansing was so far from a major statesman that although he held the office of Secretary of State he was essentially a legal adviser to the Department of State. He was a little man with a little paunch, little hands and a little voice, who was so anxious to preserve the extraordinary honor that had come to him of being elevated to the post of Secretary of

State that he never dared to stand up to anyone or anything. Any decision that he thought might possibly get him into trouble he passed down to the second officer of the Department, Mr. Frank Lyon Polk, who was a man of exceptional ability and character. President Wilson disliked Lansing and made his serious decisions in the field of foreign affairs

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after consulting Colonel Edward M. House, and no one else.

Although it is necessary to doubt some of Mr. Kennan's estimates of men, the general picture he gives is a true one. Compared to the reality, however, it is as pallid as a reproduction of a Renoir. Both the Embassy in Petrograd and the Department of State were much more hilariously ridiculous than Mr. Kennan makes them appear. Nevertheless, his picture carries a lesson for the people of the United States which, if they wish to survive as a nation, they must learn.

Our Embassy in Petrograd was totally unworthy of the United States, but it was no worse than most of our Embassies have been in the past forty years. The superannuated American Ambassador was a politician from Missouri who had complete confidence in his mistress, a Petrograd lady of ill repute, listed by all Allied secret services as a German spy. The ranking career officer of the Embassy was one of the leading stuffed shirts of the Foreign Service. Most of the other officials of the Embassy and Consulates were either kept boys of Russian princesses or had wives or mistresses who were members of the Russian aristocracy. The clarity of their view of the Communists was not thereby increased.

President Wilson knew the weaknesses of his Ambassador in Petrograd. Instead of appointing to the post a man of the highest quality, he permitted the American Red Cross Mission, headed by two of the most vigorous of Americans, William Boyce Thompson and Raymond Robins, to set up shop in Leningrad, and without authority or responsibility take over the most important duties of the Ambassador. The appalling Edgar Sisson was sent to represent the Committee on Public Information, the head of which in Washington, Mr. George Creel, was a close friend of the President and could walk into the White House and talk with Wilson at almost any time—which the Secretary of State could not. Mr. Sisson acted as another extra ambassador.

If anyone thinks that the representation of the United States abroad is better organized than this today, he is mistaken. For example, in recent years we have had as many as five ambassadors at one time stationed in Paris, in addition to two Americans with more power than any ambassador—the American Commanding General of NATO and the head of the Central Intelligence Agency, our new spy service. As a method of producing chaos in the opinions and operations of the government of the United States nothing better could be devised. To this malignant growth is added the bureaucratic monstrosity which is now called the Department of State. Its creed is that twenty incompetent men are superior to one competent man, and that an agglomeration of ignorance is wisdom.

While I have been writing this review of Mr. Kennan's book, the radio has been informing me that England, France and Israel have attacked Egypt. The radio has been informing me also that neither President Eisenhower nor anyone else in our Administration, including the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, was aware that this action was imminent. If we go on permitting our vital interests to be at the mercy of information supplied by political ambassadors and CIA spies, we can expect to continue to be horribly served. If we go down, we shall deserve to go down. Today, as a nation, we resemble the carnivorous dinosaur Tyrannosaurus Rex, which had a body as large as a locomotive, teeth and claws a foot long, and a brain the size of a banana. He perished from the earth.

Wrong to Begin With

Woodrow Wilson and the Politics of Morality, edited by John Morton Blum. 215 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $3.50

The historical events of the last quarter of a century have been so gigantic in scale, and have followed upon one another with such bewildering rapidity, as to give us, at best, a curiously foreshortened view of the American past.

Intellectually, we struggle constantly to ascend the steep and forbidding slope of the recent. Some of us are unsuccessful, so that they forget there is a past (which is the first point). Some of us are more or less successful but when they complete the ascent they are weary of looking at the immediate and close, and so ignore that which they find suddenly at their feet in favor of that which is barely visible on the horizon (which is the second point). Our generation, in consequence, knows far more about Washington and Jefferson and Lincoln than about Wilson and Harding and Coolidge and Hoover who, to follow out my metaphor, are just over the slope. Like the man who has just been through a psychoanalysis, we are full of our infancy and of our early childhood and of yesterday and of today, but can't remember what we did when we were twenty-five.

That is unhealthy; and any biography which, like Mr. Blum's, fixes our attention on and instructs us about the Wilson period of our past merits, accordingly, our careful attention—doubly so if, like Mr. Blum's, it sets out neither to adulate nor traduce the protagonist, but to understand him.

Working along the border-line between popular and learned history, Mr. Blum provides, to begin with, an admirably frank and concise play-by-play story of the major battles Woodrow Wilson fought against—well, let's say, for the moment, those who opposed him from moment to moment through his strange career. The Wilson of this phase of the book, certainly no Hero, emerges with all the vanity, the petulance, the love of power, the shallowness, the rigidity, the cold inhumanity that other biographers have sought to conceal. And had Mr. Blum let it go at that, he would deserve our thanks, plus perhaps a word of reproof for his blindness to what we might call the institutional significance of the latter part of the story—to, that is to say, the whole question of what Wilson did to the office of President, to the Congress, and thus to the Constitution. But Mr. Blum had to redeem the second half of his title, "The Politics of Morality," and this led him, disastrously, I think, into the question, Where did Wilson go wrong?

Blum's answer, as it unfolds itself little by little, is that Wilson went wrong at the point of contact between morality and politics—at the nexus between elaborated principle and the

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translation of principle into reality. Wilson, on this showing, was forever being too stubborn and uncompromising about "principles," too optimistic about the chances of making reality behave in accordance with principle, too unrealistic about the stuff of which actual situations are made to take the steps necessary for moving them where they ought to go. Wilson, accordingly, comes out, after all, a Hero —a Hero with, to be sure, some regrettable intellectual limitations and even some personality defects, but still a Hero; and Wilson's opponents, Senator Lodge for example, come out by the same token men without principle and so the agents of Old Nick. What was *really* wrong with Wilson, namely, that his principles were phoney principles to begin with, thus eludes Blum—along with the real significance of his story; which is that Woodrow Wilson, like the poor, we have always with us, and that the name he answers to, at the moment, is Dwight Eisenhower.

WILLMOORE KENDALL

The Satellites

The Fate of East Central Europe, edited by Stephen D. Kertesz. 463 pp. Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press. $6.25

Against the background of the dramatic current events in the area dealt with, *The Fate of East Central Europe* is an impressive contribution, geared to the specialized student rather than the average reader. Fifteen experts have described and analyzed the recent histories of the Communist satellite nations, three peripheral countries (Finland, Austria and Yugoslavia), and the area as a whole.

The book carries a subtitle, *Hopes and Failures of American Foreign Policy,* and some 70 of the 450 pages are devoted to a summation of U.S. relations with Eastern Europe before and after the war. These pages justify the subtitle: There are few if any policy successes in the record. The most stimulating chapter in this segment is a detailed study of American conduct between 1947 and 1955, that is to say in the cold-war period, by Robert F. Byrnes of the Mid-European Studies Center. Many readers will feel, as does this reviewer, that Dr. Byrnes is too harsh in his judgment of Liberation as against Containment.

Prof. Kertesz of the University of Notre Dame, who edited the volume, provides a solid and perceptive introductory chapter. If not exactly optimistic about the fate of Soviet Russia's European empire, he is a few shades less pessimistic than his associates in the book. Observing that "the spirit of resistance cannot be maintained indefinitely" in the face of hopes deferred, he nevertheless declares that the restive satellites "may prove the Achilles heel of the Soviet system." "Concessions by Moscow may release forces of a great significance and changes made for tactical reasons may escape from the control of the Communist operators."

EUGENE LYONS

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F.D.R., R.I.P.

Franklin D. Roosevelt: The Triumph, by Frank Freidel. 443 pp. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. $6.00

In this third volume of his biography, Prof. Freidel, who teaches history at Harvard, tells of FDR from his inauguration as Governor of New York to his election as President in 1932. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., another history professor at Harvard, pronounces this work "the most complete and careful life of Roosevelt we shall have in our time." We are told that it is "definitive." Presumably this means that Roosevelt, having gone through the stages of beatification and canonization, now is ready for the final honor of a public *cultus.*

Much of this volume is devoted to Roosevelt's 1932 Presidential campaign, the most dishonest in American history with one exception: Roosevelt's "no foreign wars" campaign in 1940. Prof. Freidel writes of Roosevelt as a man of upright moral character, who was "sincere" and "statesmanlike" and dedicated to the single objective of being not merely a good President but a great one at a time of acute crisis. Let us see what evidence is presented.

Morality? Prof. Freidel acknowledges that Raymond Moley admonished Roosevelt not to make the Pittsburgh speech in which he charged that "reckless and extravagant" policies of the Hoover Administration were taking the country "down the road to bankruptcy" and promised to reduce federal spending by 25 per cent. Although he was "closely associated with Prof. G. F. Warren of Cornell University, who favored modifying the gold content of the dollar," Roosevelt solemnly promised the country that the gold clause in government bonds would not be repudiated. Prof. Freidel admits that the "outline [of Roosevelt's New Deal program] was clear only to the insiders, not to the voters who went to the polls on November 8." He justifies this kind of morality with the crucial remark that "the purpose of campaigns is not to blueprint the future but to win elections."

Sincerity? Roosevelt falsely charged that President Hoover "invented the cruel joke of advising farmers to allow 20 per cent of their wheat lands to lie idle, to plow up every third row of cotton and to shoot every tenth dairy cow." But in two years the New Deal's planned scarcity program reduced the harvest of 17 principal crops from 344,486,000 to 276,070,000 acres, the number of pigs from 82,526,000 to 56,766,000, hogs from 62,127,000 to 39,066,000, and cattle from 70,280,000 to 68,846,000.

Statesmanlike? In San Francisco, on September 23, 1932, Roosevelt declared: "Our industrial plant is built; the problem just now is whether . . . it is not overbuilt. Our last frontier has long since been reached. . . . Our task now is not discovery or exploitation of natural resources, or necessarily producing more goods. . . . It is the soberer, less dramatic business . . .

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of adjusting production to consumption, of distributing wealth and products more equally. . . ."

It is no wonder that the Social Reconstructionists exalt Roosevelt to the status of a demigod. But how do they get jobs teaching history at Harvard?

CHESLY MANLY

Those Wondrous Scrolls

The Scrolls from the Dead Sea, by Edmund Wilson. 121 pp. New York: Oxford Univ. Press. $3.25

The Dead Sea Scrolls, by Millar Burrows. 450 pp., 10 plates. New York: Viking Press. $6.50

The Dead Sea Scriptures in English Translation, with introduction and notes by Theodor H. Gaster, 350 pp. New York: Doubleday. $4.00

Mr. Wilson has given us an almost breathless account of the discovery and study of the now famous scrolls found in caves not far from the ruins of the old Essene monastery at Engada in ancient Judaea. He necessarily writes at second or third hand, and with much more emotion than knowledge of his subject. His violently anti-British and anti-Roman prejudices are as obtrusive as his hope that the scrolls will "revolutionize" our conception of Christianity. But when, for example, he lists the sources of "all of our knowledge of the word of the Bible," many a layman with no scholarly pretensions will smile at the omission of such well-known items as the early Latin versions, the Syriac translations, and the *Hexapla* of Origen. He is excited by the discovery that the Jews made "a Greek translation [of the Old Testament] that does not correspond to the *Septuagint,*" but many a Sunday-School teacher could have told him that there were at least three such versions (Aquilla, Theodotion, Symmachus).

Professor Burrows is one of the few scholars who have made themselves authorities on the new scrolls. The scholar has vanquished the journalist on the latter's own ground: his is by far the more lucid and readable book. Explanation is always more intelligible than rhapsody. Mr. Wilson writes in feverish expectation of apocalyptic revelations; Professor Burrows is calmly aware that the scrolls merely provide us with a) some interesting, but not necessarily authoritative, variant readings in the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, and b) information concerning one or more of the many groups of sectarian fanatics that flourished and fought in Judaea in the first two centuries of the Christian Era.

Dr. Gaster has given us the most complete set of English translations now available. Of the fourteen documents in his collection, six were less fully translated by Professor Burrows, and anyone who is seriously interested in the scrolls would do well to compare the two versions. Some of the many discrepancies result from ambiguities inherent in the linguistic structure of Hebrew, a language in which, for example, the finite verb has two aspects but no tenses, so that the distinction between past, present, and future depends on context, not on inflection. The two translators, furthermore, follow fundamentally different methods. Where the text is seriously mutilated or corrupt, Mr. Burrows normally leaves a lacuna; Mr. Gaster restores and emends. Where the text is certain, Mr. Burrows translates as literally as possible; Mr. Gaster not infrequently uses his great erudition to devise an interpretation that seems to him more consistent. In one passage, for instance, we find the Hebrew word *pah,* which undoubtedly means "trap, snare," and Mr. Burrows so translates. Mr. Gaster thinks this meaning inconsistent with the spirit of the document, assumes that the writer was only imperfectly acquainted with Hebrew, finds in Syriac a word of similar sound which means "debility," and accordingly translates "a symbol of weakness."

The historical significance of these scrolls depends largely on the date at which they were written. Mr. Burrows and Mr. Gaster both accept the prevalent view that the scrolls were placed in the caves *for safekeeping* shortly before the capture and destruction of the monastery in 68 or 70 A.D.—a view which makes it necessary to ignore the only documents that bear definite dates (124-135 A.D.) found in the caves in this area. It is astonishing that of the many scholars who have debated the age and value of these scrolls, no one, so far as I know, has remembered that the *Assumption of Moses,* an apocryphal work published from a sixth-century manuscript in 1861, was the sacred book of a Jewish sect whose members were obligated to perform regularly an act of worship which consisted of copying religious texts, enclosing them in clay jars, and storing them "in the places which God made at the creation of the world"—places which, it seems to me, must be caves such as those in which the clay jars containing our scrolls were found.

REVILO OLIVER

Religious Evidence

The Jews from Cyprus to Herod, by Norman H. Snaith. 208 pp. Nashville: Abingdon Press. $2.50

The Bible as History, by Werner Keller. Translated by William Neil. 452 pp. New York: William Morrow and Company. $5.95

Mr. Snaith covers the political and religious history of the Jews of Palestine from the beginnings of monotheism to the emergence of a general belief in personal immortality. Within the limits imposed by the length of his book and his desire to address a wide audience, he has reported the evidence fairly and has evaluated it judiciously. One of his premises, openly stated, is the truth of Christianity, but he never confuses the objective evidence of historical sources with the subjective certainties of faith.

The German journalist's work is on a more ambitious scale—from the Creation to the Crucifixion—and a large part of it deals with matters which lie outside the scope of Mr. Snaith's book. But the major difference is one of method. Herr Keller has produced a travesty of scholarship. In his pages conjectural dates and tentative hypotheses become certainties if they coincide with his wishes; if they do not, they are carefully ignored. Historical evidence is not infrequently distorted into falsehood. For example, he cites the Aramaic papyri from Elephantine as proof that "the Law of God became the law . . . of Jews everywhere, as

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the Book of Ezra clearly indicates." He conveniently forgets that these papyri unmistakably show that the Jews at Elephantine worshipped, in addition to Yahweh, a goddess-mother, a younger male god, and at least two other deities.

One should not be astonished to find such misrepresentations in a book which impudently purports to provide archaeological "confirmation" of a narrative that deals essentially with the supernatural. Even if the evidence were precisely what Mr. Keller says it is, it would prove nothing whatsoever concerning the truth or the falsity of the Judaic and Christian religions. The sincerely religious should be the first to repudiate the products of intellectual dishonesty. R.P.O.

Villains and Knights

Arms and Men, by Walter Millis. 382 pp. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.75

This book by Walter Millis, military specialist for the *New York Herald Tribune*, is part history, part opinion and part propaganda, in that progressive order. The author's stated objective is a sort of Toynbee-type study of the military factor in American history. Starting with Concord in 1775, he draws from an impressive stock of historical minutiae to develop his subject down to the present day—and beyond, with a very misty look into the future.

Mr. Millis exhibits two traits that are unusual in a military historian. First, he is a pacifist, and dwells at length on the "horrible, dreadful and bloody" nature of war. Second, far from admiring the heroes of the U.S. past, he is almost invariably the iconoclast. He derogates Mahan, Leonard Wood and Billy Mitchell, thus impartially disposing of the three American theorists of naval, land and air power. And he passionately hates General MacArthur.

The nation, too, comes in for some "debunking" that might have sounded less stale in the 1920's. Throughout most of our "blood-soaked" history we were the aggressors, Mr. Millis conveys, with the outstanding exception of Korea where we took our losses and got out, after *bête noire* MacArthur had at long last got his comeuppance for "insubordination, if not for deliberate sabotage . . ."

Let it not be inferred, however, that Mr. Millis' iconoclasm leaves the saga without heroes. The final chapters are unadulterated Roosevelt-Eisenhower whitewash. There are such knights in shining armor as General George Marshall. And there is, above all, the sky-blue being of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, referred to by Mr. Millis as "Robert." Oppenheimer, it appears, was "immolated" by the Air Force on "security charges" for the sole reason that he had dared to suggest that there might be some defense against strategic bombing.

The account of the last decade in *Arms and Men* will command the admiration of all professional Liberals. Predictably it will get drooling reviews from the dominant brainwashing media.

MONTGOMERY M. GREEN

Noble Radical

Lord Crewe, 1858-1945: The Likeness of a Liberal, by James Pope-Hennessy. 205 pp. Fair Lawn, New Jersey: Essential Books. $3.40

Lord Crewe, who died in 1945, was very like the Duke of Omnium, in Trollope's political novels: dry, stiff, learned, diligent, diffident, devoted to duty. And, like the Duke, he was an aristocratic egalitarian, a radical active in guiding the Liberal Party from the Whiggish principles which it still retained at the end of the nineteenth century to the humanitarian, sentimental, collectivistic measures which it advocated in its last years of power, under Asquith. This progress also meant the destruction of the Liberal Party itself. With his friend Sir William Harcourt, of death-duties and "we are all socialists now" renown (and Lord Crewe seems to have been the only man, Conservative or Liberal or Socialist, who ever liked Harcourt), Crewe helped to put an end to the order that had nurtured noble radicals like himself.

He was for years leader of the Liberal opposition in the House of Lords, and in his old age ambassador to France; but his principal role in politics was to help push through the House of Lords the Parliament Bill of 1911, which in substance stripped that august body of its ancient powers. Certain misgivings seem to have troubled Lord Crewe on that occasion; but they were not nearly so serious as the misgivings Trollope attributes to that other Liberal statesman, the Duke of St. Bungay, in *The Prime Minister:*

> There must surely have been a shade of melancholy on that old man's mind as, year after year, he assisted in pulling down institutions which he in truth regarded as the safeguards of the nation;—but which he knew that, as a Liberal, he was bound to assist in destroying! It must have occurred to him, from time to time, that it would be well for him to depart and be at peace before everything was gone.

Not everything was gone when Lord Crewe died; but much had passed. Crewe was the son of that eccentric exquisite and man of letters Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, whose life Mr. Pope-Hennessy already has written; and he began life as the heir to a great name, a splendid library, and several magnificent estates—Crewe, Fryston, Madeley. Fire followed him, as it did John Knox: Crewe Hall, Fryston Hall, Crewe House in London, and Argyll House all were burnt, in part, during his life. Toward the end, he sold Crewe to the crown, saw Fryston (which he had loved as a boy) sold and demolished, and generally participated in that decline of wealth and influence of the English aristocracy which his own party had helped to bring about. Shortly before he died, he sought refuge from the London air-raids at another great house, Mentmore, which was in part requisitioned by the military. "Somehow the changed aspect of these great places," Lord Crewe wrote, "brings home to one the reality of the war almost as much as the sight of the bombed areas in the City of London." Yes; and the generally altered state of English society, which has passed the Liberals by.

Lady Crewe, who contributes a foreword to this little book, refers to Lord Crewe's part in the Liberal Government of 1906—"this great Government of progress and reform." That particular progress and reform helped to relegate to comparative insignificance such high-minded and responsible leaders as the Earl of Crewe. RUSSELL KIRK

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Person and Journalist

Henry Watterson: Reconstructed Rebel, by Joseph Frazier Wall. 362 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. $6.00

"Marse" Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal,* was the last great figure of "personal" journalism. Professor Wall has produced a distinguished account of his long and eventful career.

Henry Watterson was born on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington while his father was Congressman from Tennessee. "At an age when most children are playing marbles, Henry was dining at the White House with Polk and Taylor." He knew personally every occupant of the White House from John Quincy Adams to Franklin D. Roosevelt, with the exception of William Henry Harrison. He took an active part in eleven Presidential campaigns, and his role quite possibly determined the outcome of the bitter Hayes-Tilden election dispute of 1876.

Kentuckians have always believed in personality; Watterson was an unregenerate if outwardly "reconstructed" one, and they loved him for it. From his editorial perch in the *Courier-Journal,* which he took over in 1868, he spewed fire and brimstone for fifty years. There was one exception: when Watterson deserted Bryan in 1896 for the "Gold Democrats," unprecedented wrath descended. Subscriptions were cancelled by the thousands until the *Courier-Journal,* faced with bankruptcy, had to beg for mercy. It must be one of the few occasions when a major American newspaper has been brought to its knees by popular indignation.

There were other tergiversations in this career. A young man of twenty-one, Watterson stood at Lincoln's elbow as the latter delivered his First Inaugural Address, listening with seeming approval. But six months later he was serving on the staff of Bedford Forrest in Tennessee. Soon afterward he became editor of *The Rebel,* the most widely read newspaper in the Confederate Army. But the war was scarcely ended when he was in Cincinnati, attached to a Republican paper, denouncing Southern leaders and toasting "the genius of Republicanism." A generation later, forgetful of how much his own section had suffered from the expansionist and imperialist forces behind the Civil War, he was one of the chief whooper-uppers for war with Spain and Manifest Destiny. In 1914 he was moralizing to Europe that "in strife there is neither glory nor gain." Two years later he was shouting editorially "To Hell with the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs" and demanding American intervention. But by 1919 he had become bitterly anti-Wilson and anti-League of Nations.

It is not easy to say what produced so many changes of side and of opinion. Watterson is here presented as a "New South" man, and it is an observation of mine of long standing that all "New South" men are pragmatists just beneath the skin. Yet it seems impossible to convict Watterson of pragmatism. He fought movements which had powerful forces behind them, like woman suffrage and prohibition. As the author points out, no government in power ever satisfied him, and if a President served one day longer than four years, Watterson was sure that he was conspiring for a third term. The Administrations of Franklin Roosevelt, had he witnessed them, would have unhinged his reason.

Perhaps the core of his personality lay in a great deal of personal courage and a belief that to tell the truth as you see it is to shame the devil.

RICHARD M. WEAVER

Roman Froth

Roman Candle, by Letitia Baldrige. 308 pp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.75

Like the *blanche neige* of Rocco, the chef, *Roman Candle,* the story of Letitia Baldrige's three years as social secretary to Ambassador Clare Boothe Luce in Rome is light, frothy and palatable. Anyone interested in what an ambassador's social secretary does, will find it here, presented in amusing and unpretentious fashion. But those searching for a character analysis of Mrs. Luce-at-home will be disappointed. Miss Baldrige is so uncritical of her boss that certain passages might have been lifted from the *Lady Pamela in the Upper Remove* category of school girl fiction.

Tall (6′ plus), blonde (*coup de soleil*) and trilingual (*almost*), Tish Baldrige, for three years, did everything that had to be done at the Villa Taverna from planning dinners for ninety (her first attempt was all white from the *crème* soup to the *camembert* and *blanche neige*) to finding a canine wet nurse for orphaned poodle puppies. Often, to be sure, the reader arrives at the end of a chapter in a hand gallop after a montage of I-dashed-here-rushed-there-sped-raced-flew-and-darted, but-the-ride-has-been-enjoyable.

Except for a few sections of carping (notably when the press, congressional visitors and U.S. tourists are mentioned), Miss Baldrige manages to transmit to the reader her (also uncritical) love for everything Italian: her maid Brandina, who longs for a return of Fascism; the Via Veneto cowboys who followed her down the street; the fresh garage man who leered when she came out looking tired in the morning; Rocco, the chef, Mario the butler, and Ubaldo, the amorous footman. In her own way *Letizia,* as she is known to her Italian friends, has struck a blow for Italo-American friendship.

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Tall Tale and True

Men to Match My Mountains, The Opening of the Far West, 1840-1900, by Irving Stone. 459 pp. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday & Company, Inc. $5.95

The fascination of the Far West for the American mind has not diminished in the 150 years since Lewis and Clark returned in triumph to St. Louis with their Corps of Discovery. Only now it is not the prospect of adventure, but its history, which lures escapists from a humdrum life.

Mr. Irving Stone has written a long, sloppy, tasteless and absorbing book about part of that history—the part that concerns the present states of California, Colorado, Utah and Nevada. This vast expanse of desert, oases, topless mountains and paradisal coast had been inherited by Mexico when it won its independence from Spain in 1821. But with the exception of California, whose Spanish popula-

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tion lived a lotus-eating pastoral life on its haciendas, it was, until the forties when Mr. Stone's tale begins, uncharted wilderness, known only to Indians and a few white trappers. The Mexican government was not strong enough to develop this empire, or even to maintain effective sovereignty over it; and it was inevitable that the Westward-surging Americans should move into the vacuum. They did so in such numbers that by the time of the Mexican War there were enough of them in California to take over that territory for the United States.

For some time thereafter, U.S. sovereignty was more theoretical than actual in the erstwhile Mexican Far West; which was no great hindrance to the multiplying settlers. They got along well, if somewhat turbulently, on their own, for they were tough and self-reliant—or they didn't survive the incredible hardships of the long trek from "the states" and the only less incredible hardships of frontier life.

Freedom and self-reliance make for prodigious characters and deeds. Western history is full of both, and Mr. Stone does them justice. Some of the characters, to be sure, were buccaneers, some of the deeds plain dog-eat-dog skulduggery. But these men who settled and developed an empire performed their prodigies, whether good or bad, on a scale to match the mountains they conquered—from John Sutter, the fabulous Swiss whose open-handed generosity to American settlers pouring into the Sacramento Valley helped to bring about his ruin, to Charles Crocker who pushed the Southern Pacific over the formidable Sierras at a sickening cost in human life, and Collis P. Huntington who—with a rapacity worthy of any latter-day bureaucrat—made the Californians pay for it over and over in rates carefully calculated to leave them barely enough to stay in business and pay further exactions. Or Brigham Young, who dreamed of a Mormon power extending from the Great Salt Lake to the Pacific, and who died believing that at least he had won his battle for an American state in which polygamy might flourish unimpeded.

There were many others, and they all parade through Mr. Stone's pages—good, bad, but never indifferent. One of the best, to whom Mr. Stone pays deserved tribute, was Hubert Howe Bancroft, the San Francisco bookseller. His was one of the most prodigious works of all: a matchless collection of Western Americana and the thirty-nine-volume history which became, as Mr. Stone well says, "a bridge over which generations of people could make their way back into one of the most colorful, dramatic, tumultuous and heroic sagas of man's movement across the face of the earth." SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

Phonograph's Career

My Record of Music, by Compton Mackenzie. 280 pp. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5.00

Compton Mackenzie, novelist and music lover, adopted the phonograph when it was no more than a screechy parlor game. By main force, through *The Gramophone* (which he founded and edited), he expanded the horizons of the British recording industry and contributed mightily to its present state of approximate fidelity in the reproduction of a catholic repertory.

In *My Record of Music,* Mr. Mackenzie tells the story of his struggle to take the phonograph from Sir Harry Lauder and give it to Budapest Quartet. It is an urbane account of the typical path from youthful rejection of music to wholehearted worship. With complete candor, he warns of "perfect taste that has not been reached by a good many leagues of bad taste"—using himself as a case study.

But for all of his years at the phonograph and in the concert hall, Sir Compton still displays a remarkable lack of understanding, as when he equates Tchaikovsky and Dostoevsky. British provincialism tells him that they are both Russian, but a perceptive mind would hardly be satisfied by the criterion of geography.

Mr. Mackenzie's book is heavily weighted with long passages taken from the pieces he wrote for *The Gramophone.* But these are mitigated by descriptions of the musically great *en pantoufle* (a moving account of Sir Edward Elgar listening to the "Fantastic Symphony" is one such), and by the merry tinkle of names as they drop. RALPH DE TOLEDANO

The Worth of Venice

Venice Observed, by Mary McCarthy. 199 pp. Illustrated. New York: Reynal and Company. $15.00

Another book about Venice may seem, in advance, a little like the time Horowitz played his arrangement of Liszt's arrangement of Saint-Saen's arrangement of the *Danse Macabre*: at best, a virtuoso stunt; at worst, intolerable. But Mary McCarthy's most conspicuous gift has always been a tireless, very agile capacity to generalize, to look at almost any group of particulars, no matter how commonplace or disparate, and see them from an altitude all her own, at which they assume a persuasive pattern. In Venice she has had an ideally various but contained subject.

Of course, more than half of the pages in this 9 x 12 inch, Swiss-printed, very de luxe album are by Guardi, Tiepolo, Veronese, Canaletto, Bellini, Carpaccio, Titan, and many others, not to mention a dozen self-effacing photographers. And in fact, not the least interesting aspect of Miss McCarthy's virtuosity is the temerity out of which she dared write a text to stand beside all these glamorous witnesses. But she has; and a bright, nimble, undiffident discourse it is, which puts everything Venetian, from the Doge marrying the Adriatic to Harry's Bar to her own landlady, into a perspective as crisp and uncluttered as one of Canaletto's.

First a fishing colony, and then, during the Gothic and Lombard invasions, a refugee center for late-Romans, Venice has always been more of a closed business corporation than a state. Until 1800, it thrived on pan-Mediterranean trade; since then, on pan-world tourism. But for fifteen centuries, its deepest instinct was Business as Usual.

Its people were more like common-stock shareholders than citizens, and its inquisitors, its directors, its intricately elected Doge, were never concerned with anything so fine-sounding as freedom of speech, or taxation without representation, or the decline of feudalism. From the Doge to the courtesans, the good health of Venetian Enterprises, Ltd. was always the highest criterion of value. Its early toleration of Jews was

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a question of services rendered and paid for. When Napoleon promised an age of "The Rights of Man," the gondoliers made ironic jokes.

Because it maintained a prosperous economy over more centuries than any other state in Europe, it was able to import the best masters of building and decor to glorify its image. No city, not even Paris, is so beautiful on the outside; nor so singly, gracefully dedicated to the Outer Life: to facades, balconies, costumes, manners, ceremonies, gestures which look so good. Here, worldliness has been understood, cultivated, and catered to more intelligently, more resourcefully, than anywhere else in the Western world. And here, too, everything serious—wars, idealisms, violent martyrdoms, any extreme of passion or action—seem outlandish, or merely picturesque. There are, for instance, no immortal Venetian lovers. The famous ones, George Sand, Musset, Byron, Othello, were all foreigners, just passing through and having their fling. Even the love songs the gondoliers sing are Neapolitan. In Venice, sex is gallant, refined, wittily, playfully masked; and above all, un-world-shaking. Like everything else, it is primarily for the eye, to bemuse and charm. Ravishing as it is, Venetian painting never troubles the conscience and, as Mary McCarthy points out, it distinguishes itself from all the rest of European art by "a reverence for the concrete world."

"The concrete world" is, in fact, the heart of Venice, which in turn has been its most enchanting incarnation. Everything about it, from the election of a Doge (so clever, so efficient, so mundanely unlike the awesome selection of a Pope) to the pretty little roof terraces for bleaching a lady's hair—is at once coldly practical and elegant to behold.

But no one for whom life is a serious business could live here long. One warning, repeated over and over so many of the best Venetian paintings, is the image of the masked reveller. Only in a place where everything—except business as usual—is frivolous could the mask be used so lightly, so gaily, for fun. Elsewhere, where identity is a not uncomfortable issue of commital, the mask can never merely be something to laugh and flirt behind. ROBERT PHELPS

REVIEWED IN BRIEF

Freedom, Education, and the Fund: Essays and Addresses, 1946-1956, by Robert M. Hutchins. 241 pp. New York: Meridian Books. $1.25

Robert Maynard Hutchins has a peculiar ability to begin consideration of a question with a proposition that seems to be based upon reason and tradition, one that sounds refreshingly different from the accepted clichés of the day, and to come by a process of jugglery to conclusions entirely acceptable to the positive temper of the times. This book is typical. Starting from unexceptionable premises, critical of the trend of modern education, he moves unerringly to the extreme Liberal position. It is not that Mr. Hutchins' mind is weak nor that he lacks experience, imagination and good will; it is merely that he seems to have been created completely lacking both in common sense and in the prudential faculty.

Russia without Stalin: The Emerging Pattern, by Edward Crankshaw. 264 pp. New York: The Viking Press. $3.75

It is unfortunate for Mr. Crankshaw that his book did not appear a few months earlier. Recent events have made it very difficult for even the most naive to accept his picture of a Soviet world, led by a yielding and temperate Politburo, moving slowly towards a regime that will combine the best features of Queen Victoria and Henry Ford.

The Biological Basis of Human Freedom by Theodosius Dobzhansky. 135 pp. New York: Columbia University Press. $2.95

The title of this essay belies its content, for Mr. Dobzhansky is too keen a thinker and too honest a man to accept its scientistic implications. A biologist of distinction, he is nevertheless a man of a wider culture, and his methodology is constantly at odds with his deeper philosophic understanding. His book, which in passing gives an excellent summary of evolutionary theory, is devastatingly critical of such attempts as that of Julian Huxley to ground ethics in biological necessity; and he proves to the hilt that freedom is based upon foundations outside of, and often directly contrary to, biological necessity. It is good to see a sensitive man struggling to emancipate himself from the shackles of scientistic superstition, even when—although with evident regret—he stops short of a positive acceptance of absolute transcendent values and takes refuge in vague talk of "cultural development" and "human responsibility" as a foundation for ethics.

The Birth of the Republic, 1763-89, by Edmund S. Morgan. 177 pp. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $3.00

Edmund S. Morgan's book, an early volume of *The Chicago History of American Civilization,* does not augur too well for this new enterprise. It is not that the facts are badly organized, or the telling incapable. The weakness of his book arises from the perversity of Professor Morgan's interpretation: his insistence that "equality" was the goal of the War of Independence and the aim of the Fathers of the Constitution; and his blindness to the essential characteristics of the Constitution as a document devoted to the preservation of liberty by the division of power and (so utterly incomprehensible to Liberals) the minimization of government.

Amor and Psyche. The Psychic Development of the Feminine, by Erich Neumann. Trans. from the German by Ralph Manheim. 181 pp. New York: Pantheon Books. $3.00

Mr. Neumann's study is another of the Bollingen Series on mythology. The first part of the book is a lively translation of Apuleius' rendering of the myth of Eros and Psyche. The remainder is devoted to a commentary upon the myth from a generally Jungian point of view. And yet, it is refreshingly free of the "depth psychology" vernacular. Like the other books in the series, this one is at once scholarly and intellectually adventurous.

(Reviewed by Frank S. Meyer)

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To the Editor

Orwell and the Power Cult

I don't believe John Chamberlain [NATIONAL REVIEW, Nov. 10] has correctly evaluated Orwell as a modern political thinker. Orwell's chief claim to fame is his insight into the psychology of totalitarianism. He saw that the East-West conflict cannot be resolved in such superficial terms as socialism vs. capitalism and atheism vs. Christian faith. Orwell analyzed the modern social religious myths as a crude effort to justify a sadistic power cult. The dedicated Communist actually works against the achievement of his supposed goals. If through some cosmic miracle he were placed in a stateless, classless society he would be as miserable as the Grand Inquisitor in a community practicing brotherly love.

Orwell caricatured the tragedy of modern man's scientific and technological progress outpacing his progress toward more civilized modes of life. His description in *1984* of the terrifying success of scientific techniques applied to the mass mangling and molding of human minds unhappily calls to mind more than Communist "brain-washing." Similar techniques, less sadistic but still alarmingly successful, are being feverishly perfected on Madison Avenue.

Erlton, N.J. C. W. GRIFFIN

For the Record

In order to correct an erroneous impression conveyed in the letter by Mr. Tillotson in "How Conservatives Should Vote" in the October 13 issue, I would like to state the following for the record, as president of the Abraham Lincoln National Republican Club:

1. Neither Mr. Bundy nor the Lincoln Club ever called for a third party or "third-party action." We are on record via nation-wide radio (Mutual System, April 17, 1955), to the press and in a general letter to all our members (June 1956) as to our opposition to any third party.

2. The Lincoln's Club's position in 1956 was that our members should organize in the grass roots and support numerically and financially every Conservative running for the U.S. Senate and House and for all other echelons of government.

3. Chief reason why third party does not succeed? Our experience in forty-six states and Alaska, where we have members, in trying to get them to organize on the precinct level, city, county and state, and to shell out money for the project. They won't do it. . . . They would rather fly to a national rally in New York, Chicago, Dallas or San Francisco and whoop it up for four hours. . . .

Chicago, Ill. EDGAR C. BUNDY, President
Abraham Lincoln Republican Club

Reoccupation of Suez

Your issue of November 17 carried an editorial entitled "The Reoccupation of Suez" plus a squib on page three on the peculiar deductions of the *New Republic's* Gerald Johnson.

Frankly, I can't see much difference between the screwy deductions of Mr. Johnson, and the juvenile thoughts of induction set forth by the writer of the editorial on Suez.

"Why should we admit" we have enduring interests in the Middle East —are our interests oil with . . . our domestic wells? Copper? Potash? With an unlimited supply in our Southern Hemisphere. . . .

Forest Hills, N.Y. JAMES A. MCFARLAND

The editorial on the Suez fracas [Nov. 17] is the most sensible, logical, constructive and informative appraisal of the situation I have yet read. . . .

The colloquy between Foster and the President in the "National Trends" column was a prize bit of satire, but a true reflection of the confusion, futility and ineptness of the present Administration's foreign policy.

Chillicothe, Ohio LEONARD J. GANS

Your "The Reoccupation of Suez" [Nov. 17] strikes me as first-class interpretation of history while it is being made. A possible criticism is the assumption that our American policy is against Russian expansion.

Official American policy united us with Russia to eliminate Italy, Germany and Japan (the buffer states) and since 1945 the two allies have been liquidating the British and French commonwealths. Of course the idea men have furnished us with a palaver of anti-colonialism and freedom but in the "noble crusade" somebody gets and somebody loses the natural resources of the world.

I recall a radio address of Secretary of State Dulles [several years ago] in which he outlined the gospel of anti-colonialism and told the world that 750 million people had been liberated since 1945. His total must have included Red China as well as Central Europe and Indonesia.

Mound, Minn. A. B. GILBERT

In Defense of Mr. Meyer

. . . Albert Bischoff's letter [Nov. 24], in which he calls Frank S. Meyer's "tirade" "so willfully blind as to be laughable," needs a comment.

Aldous Huxley is not a religionist. He is a naturalist, a social engineer, a world reformer. A man is known by the company he keeps or his writings. . . . Huxley's writings follow the line of the deists. . . .

Frank S. Meyer is right. His articles are clear, concise presentations of . . . absolutes and true freedom and he does not compromise in any way with the ideologies of the Huxleys and similar free thinkers, who, if they would read history, would know how stupid their "new thought" is, how old, outmoded and anti-truth.

Tucson, Ariz. MRS. J. J. MCLAUGHLIN

A Levelee Protests

If Willmoore Kendall means what he obviously does mean when he refers to women's suffrage as an "indispensable step" in the Liberals' "levelling program" [Nov. 24], I fear that his mother's contribution to the levelling process was not her vote, but her son.

May I add that Professor Kendall is in clear and present danger of becoming an indispensable step in your correspondent's personal levelling program.

West Hartford, Conn. ALOISE HEATH

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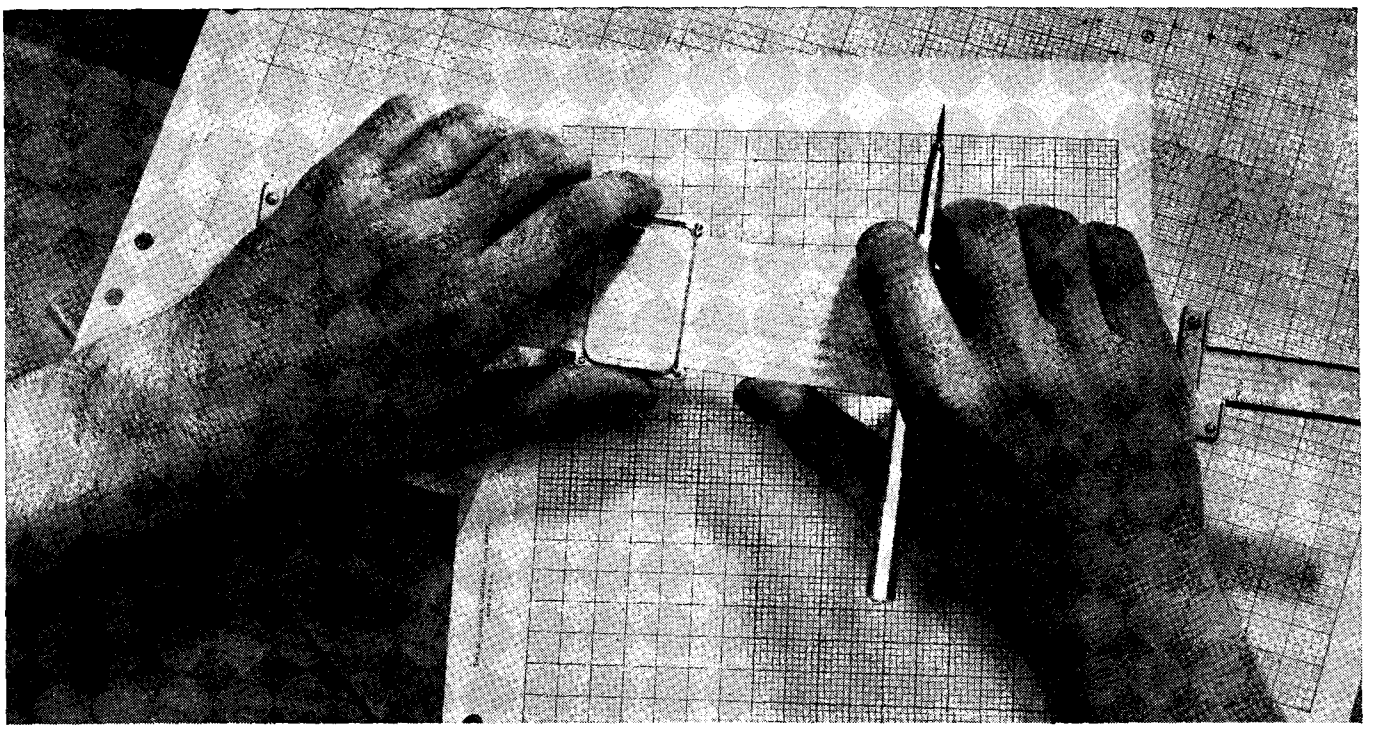

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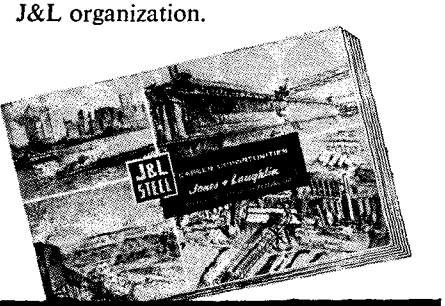

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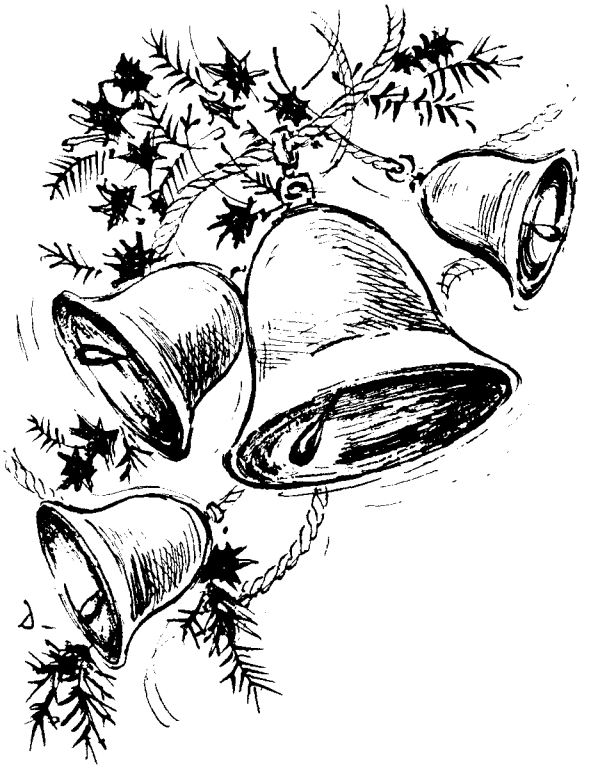

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